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### Senior Recital:Megan Poulos, Mezzo-Soprano/Piano

Megan Poulos Mezz-Soprano/Piano  
*Illinois State University*

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Music Department  
Illinois State University

Senior Recital

**Megan Poulos**  
***Mezzo-Soprano / Piano***

Joyce Landess, *Piano*



This recital is in partial fulfillment of the  
graduation requirements for the degree of  
Bachelor of Music in Performance

The one hundred and sixty-first program of the 1997-98 season

St. John's Lutheran Church  
Saturday Evening  
May 2, 1998  
5:00 p.m.

## PROGRAM

from *Orfeo ed Euridice*  
Che faro senza Euridice

Christoph W. Gluck  
(1714-1787)

from *Partenope*  
Furibondo spira il vento

George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)

Gretchen am Spinnrade  
Lied der Mignon

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

from *Lakmé*  
The Flower Duet

Léo Delibes  
(1836-1891)

Amanda Vick, *Soprano*

## Intermission

from *Werther*  
Va! Laisse couler mes larmes

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

from *Carmen*  
Habanera

Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*  
Una voce poco fa

Giacchino Rossini  
(1792-1868)

from *Twelve Préludes, Book I*  
Danseuses de Delphes

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

from *Two Nocturnes, Op.55*  
Andante

Frédéric Chopin  
(1810-1849)

Megan Poulos, *Piano*

## Translations

Che Faro senza Euridice

Lied Der Mignon

What will I do without my Euridice  
Where will I go without my beloved?  
What will I do? Where will I go?  
What will I do without my beloved?  
Euridice! Oh God! Answer!  
I am still your faithful one.  
Ah, no more help, no more hope for me  
comes forth.  
from Earth, nor from Heaven.

Only he who knows what yearning is  
Knows how I suffer!  
Alone and cut off  
From all happiness.  
I look up to the sky  
Towards yonder side.  
Alas! He who loves and knows me  
Is far away.  
I grow dizzy.  
I am inwardly inflamed.  
Only he knows what yearning is  
Knows how I suffer!

Furibondo spira il vento

The wind blows furiously  
And is stirring heaven and earth.  
That is the sensation I feel in my soul  
Perturbed by my sorrow.

The Flower Duet

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,  
I can never find peace, never again.  
In his absence, I feel as if dead  
And the whole world is turned to gall.

To the deep retreat, where the jasmine sweet  
With the roses entwining.  
On the bank so bright, where the morn  
laughs at light  
Come hand in hand reclining.  
Gently still we'll glide  
Where the flowing tide, tempts now in its  
pride, to ride,

My poor head is distracted.  
My poor mind is shattered,  
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,  
I can never find peace, never again.

And breast the quiv'ring waters,  
Free as their merry daughters  
Come gain we the steep, Where the waters  
sleep  
And sweet birds sing.

For him alone I look out of the window,  
For him alone I go out of the house.  
His lofty carriage, his noble form,  
The smile of his lips, the power of his  
glance.

To the deep retreat, of the jasmine sweet,  
Come! Hand in us reclining!  
But a strange fear o'er my soul a spell  
throweth.  
That robes me in the night.  
When my father alone to their crust city  
goeth,

And the magic flow of his speech.  
The clasp of his hand, and oh! His kiss!  
My peace is gone my heart is heavy,  
I can never find peace, never again.

I tremble with fright.  
Then that he bide in great Ganesa's power,  
Thither we'll wend where the swans make  
their bower.

My bosom yearns towards him,  
Oh, might I grasp and hold him!  
And kiss him all I could,  
And on his kisses I would pass away!

And snowlike, where they glad our view.  
There will we pluck the lotus blue.  
Ah! Yes where snowlike their charms we  
may view.

## Va! Laisse couler mes larmes

The rising tears that are not shed  
To our souls again returning  
Flow down unending, without pity  
And beat on the heart, till it break.  
Too faint for effort and over burdened,  
The heart be numbed, can fight no more:  
It is too deep for aught to fill;  
It is too frail; and falls a dying.  
Falls a dying.

## Habenera

Love is a rebellious bird  
that no one can tame;  
and is truly in vain  
that one call him,  
if it suits him to refuse!  
Nothing helps-threat nor entreaty  
The one man speaks well,  
the others keep quiet  
its the other  
whom I prefer  
he hasn't said anything  
but he pleases me.  
Love-  
Love is a Bohemian child  
he has never known law.  
If you don't love me  
I love you  
but if I love you  
watch out for yourself.  
The bird that you thought to catch  
flapped his wings and flew away-  
you may wait for it  
when you don't wait anymore  
there it is!  
All around you  
quickly it comes, goes away  
then comes back again.  
When you think you have hold of it  
it evades you.  
It has hold of you .

## Una voce poco fa.

You alone have won my heart  
With your song not long ago.  
As I heard you from afar  
Love was born  
I seemed to know.  
Yes, Lindoro dear,  
you are mine,  
it shall be so!  
Though my tutor will object.  
That's no more than I expect.  
I'll rely on wit and ruse,  
Do exactly as I choose.  
Yes, Lindoro dear, you are  
You are mine  
it shall be so!  
I am so well behaved.  
So easy going,  
Always obedient,  
Cheerful and knowing,  
To guide and manage me is never hard.  
But, if you cross my will,  
That's another thing,  
Then I can have a vipers sting!  
A hundred traps I lay,  
Until I have my way,  
Be on your guard!  
A thousand tricks I play,  
until I have my way,  
be on your guard!